Three Thousand Miles

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by rotchama

Summary

Ben had been at the wheel since he woke up, and even longer before that. Thirteen cups of burnt gas station coffee between them and a thousand miles later and they still weren't even halfway to LA. But he couldn't imagine doing this with anyone else, he knows Matt couldn't either.

Notes

Inspired by American Car Ride by Jace Cameron and Road Head by Japanese Breakfast ♡

Matt lets his hand hang outside the car, fingers skimming the sun-bleached paint, flakes chipping off and embedding beneath his nails. The breeze from the cool night tangles through his hair, sweeping it around his face. He's skimming the *People* magazine he borrowed from Ben's mom's coffee table, bouncing it on his knee as he absent-mindedly chews on his lip.

"Hey did you know Paul Newman used to eat raw onions before kiss scenes?"

Ben grimaces, "What? *Why…?*"

"To uh, to kill tension. Apparently." Matt frowns at the column, tentatively turning the thin page, fingers sliding along the glossy coating.

"That's pretty dedicated," Ben's mouth settles to a pensive skew, "not sure if I'd wanna be known as the guy who's breath smells like onions though."

"Yeah cus tobacco breath is *so* much better. You should probably stop smoking if you wanna be cast as a leading man."

"Y'know, you should warn me before you give me advice so I can make sure to grab my notebook." He smiles, jabbing at Matt's side, causing him to contort, laughing. "Just because you've decided you're quitting doesn't mean you can get all up at me for not wanting to. Also, Newman was a leading man who smoked, idiot."

"Hmm…" Matt hums, contemplative, dismissive. "I guess. He quit though." Gnawing at the jagged nail of his index finger, he resumes flipping through the magazine under the fatigued glow of the car light. Ben watches him gingerly through his peripherals, the chiaroscuro of fleeting street lights casting shadows that appeared to oscillate back and forth across his body.

The ’84 Chevette had hauled them through more than its share of cross-country sloughs, bearing the scars of past journeys like souvenirs. The musty interior held onto the acrid odor of tobacco and mildew, discarded cans and wrappers lined the floors, and the centre console slots doubled as ashtrays since the original one had snapped off sometime between Omaha and Denver last fall.

The exterior sported a large, permanent scape in the back left passenger door from a snowplough, to which Matt had

unceremoniously slapped a Bruins sticker over. The rust was terminal, spread wide and deep across the two-toned body like melanomas. A kiss of salty Boston air. Ben had lovingly dubbed it the "shitvette", or just "the 'vette" when he was talking to girls, and it *was* a piece of shit, but it was *their* piece of shit.

The car rocks and rattles rhythmically, carried gently through the dark by the undulating spine of the I-80. Ben had been at the wheel since he woke up, and even longer before that. Thirteen cups of burnt gas station coffee between them and a thousand miles later and they *still* weren't even halfway to LA. But he couldn't imagine doing this with anyone else, he knows Matt couldn't either.

The strength of his yawn forces a tear to roll from the corner of his eye, he wipes it away with the heel of his palm before driving it into his eye and rubbing deep, groaning in exasperation.

"How long until we hit the next exit? Wanna find a motel." Ben's fidgeting in his seat, shifting, trying to get comfortable on the tacky leather clinging to his skin.

Matt frowns, pinching at the bottom corner of the magazine page, creasing it. "A motel? We can't afford to stop, Ben."

"Easy for you to say, you're not the one driving." He flexes his fingers around the wheel, taking in a deep breath before exhaling in a sigh. "Y'know, you're lucky I let you read in relative silence."

"Hey you're the one who'd rather listen to The Police Instead of talking." Matt retorts, closing the magazine and rolling it up. Ben turns to meet his cold gaze, pouting playfully. "You're telling me you don't like The Police?" He mouths the lyrics to *Wrapped Around Your Finger,* his fingers thrumming against the wheel as it eases out of the beat-up car stereo.

"Well you clearly don't, they're putting you to sleep," he quips, casting a smile toward Ben, which is met with a light chuckle, "I mean hey, I told you to bring Springsteen."

"Yeah well, whatever," he concedes, another yawn tugging at his jaw. "I'm getting so fuckin' tired." Matt taps the rolled up mag against his chin before resting it against his lip. "Okay, maybe we can stop and grab some coffee? We gotta fill up soon anyway."

Ben slaps his hands down onto the wheel, squeezing his eyes shut and sighing loudly. "Matt, look around. There's nothing for miles. There's

been nothing for miles. I need to get off the freeway. Can you bring up the map, please?"

Matt rolls his eyes, but reaches down by Ben's side, freeing the map from its wedge between the seat and centre console. He unfolds it onto his lap, finger tracing along the creased paper.

The evenings are cooler, but in the stretch between Buffalo and Chicago there's no relief from the heat. Ben’s still in his baggy cargo shorts, the pair with the cigarette burn on the pocket. Matt's eyes linger a little too long, and without thinking, he slides his hand in between Ben's thighs, warm and tacky with sweat.

“Jesus Matt—try navigating the road, not me.” He chokes, flustered. "You're making quite the detour for someone who's so anal about us not stopping."

"No stopping," Matt bites his lip as it curls into a grin, "I think I know how to keep you awake," he muses, sliding his hands under the baggy fabric, stopping suddenly with furrowed brows. "No boxers? Nasty."

"Gotta let your nuts breathe, it's too damn hot to double layer," Ben shrugs, "and you shouldn't even be feelin' me up right now so drop the 'tude, *Damon*." It's clear by the playful tone he's taken that he's trying to remain composed, but his cheeks are burning up, noticeable even under the dim car lighting.

Matt continues, sprawling his hand out over Ben's crotch, feeling up his growing erection and slipping his hand down to paw at his balls. Unburdened by a seatbelt, he leans against the console divider, leveraging the support to latch his mouth against Ben's neck, savouring the vibration he feels on his lips when Ben lets out a soft moan.

"Matty– the motel, we can find a motel and–" Matt presses his lips against the side of Ben's mouth before he can finish, groping at the growing heat beneath his palm. "I told you, we don't have time," he whispers, tongue lathing down Ben's jaw and back to his neck, the salty tang of sweat filling his mouth. He smiles against the slick skin as Ben wantonly grinds back against the pressure, soft grunts escaping from behind his lips as Matt's fingers grow damp with precum.

"We can't– here–" Ben pants out, his grip on the wheel tightening until his knuckles bloom white. Matt pulls off Ben's neck, placing his head on his lap instead. "Do you want me to stop?" He asks—disingenuously—between the soft, wet kisses he's currently placing on Ben's thighs,

his fingers tracing circles around the hair on his stomach.

Ben squeezes his eyes shut for what feels like a few seconds too many. "Fuck, Matt… I don't– I think–"

"Don't think about it, just keep your eyes on the road."

Ben swallows, mouth dry when he lifts his hips as Matt tugs at his cargos, chuckling when Ben's freed dick slaps against his stomach. Eager, humiliating. The map crinkles under Matt's contorted body, he slides it to the floor as it joins the accrued pile of McDonald's napkins and cigarette butts.

Matt moves slowly, deliberately. Ben's breath comes out in a hitched staccato, cock twitching at the lingering heat of Matt's breath as it ghosts along him. Matt brings his mouth closer to Ben's dick, pressing pursed lips against the shaft, and dragging his tongue languidly over his head.

Deep breaths, eyes ahead. Ben repeats internally, willing the mantra to keep him on course.

Matt's mouth sinks down, stopping at the edge of his fingers, stroking what he can't manage at this angle. Ben brings his hand down to Matt's neck, his fingers trailing into the short, velvety hair at the nape, the tender caress eliciting a moan from the blonde.

It's easy, it's always been easy with Matt. Ben wonders when it changed, really, where the lines of their relationship blurred. He wonders if they even really had, or if it was just an inherent evolution. They weren't exactly together—it was complicated—like Matt had said of his on-off Harvard fling whose presence was reduced to her name. Ben never asked about her, because it didn't matter, this was different because it was tangible, familiar.

The way they touched was routine, they've been doing this so long it became normal, it was comfort. They’re away from home more often than not. Between bus shuttles and cheap motels, home shifted from a location into whatever they could carry between them.

But right now he's trying not to grind upwards, to focus on the road, but it feels so good and Matt's mouth is so warm. The vibrations of the engine mixed with the rough road intensify the sensations, causing Matt's head to dip unintentionally. Ben's focus shifts as his eyes lock onto the beaming headlights of a truck approaching in the distance, his heart races.

"Matt… slow down," Ben pleads, fingers combing through the blonde locks in his lap, the golden glow of the cascading lights above dancing through the strands. The truck surges past indifferently, yet the car quivers in its wake. The gust of wind grazes his cheeks but doesn't do anything to quell the heat below, streaming in through the windows and rustling his hair.

When the car regains stability, Matt returns to his rhythm, fist pumping in tandem with wet sucks. Ben's shorts are damp with precum and spit, trails of saliva string between Matt's lips and his own fingers as he bobs along the length. He stifles a hiss when Ben's grip tightens in his hair, his core shuddering. Ben's moans are quick and breathy, Matt knows he's close before he warns him, so he picks up the pace, twisting his wrist and kneading at his balls.

'Fuck, Matt I'm–" He chokes out before finishing in Matt's mouth with an untethered grunt, fingers splayed, holding his head firmly in place until he's done. Matt pulls off, viscous trails of spit breaking between them and clinging to his chin. He straightens back up in his seat, wiping the fluids from his mouth with the hem of his shirt. Ben reaches down for some of the napkins, wiping himself off before he tucks himself back into his shorts.

"You need to lay off the shitty coffee," Matt asserts, dragging his tongue against the fabric, "and I need to brush my teeth."

Ben can't help but smile when he looks over at Matt, his freckles more visible now in the haze of dawn rising over the horizon, painting the sky a soft lilac as an aubade of robins beckon the sun.

He doesn't say anything, because he doesn't need to.

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